Rosalind, the daughter of the banished Duke, was *by* the usurping Duke her uncle forced to flee into the forest in disguise as a forester, and there caused Orlando her lover to woo her, supposing her to be a boy. At the court of the banished Duke there is a courtier, one Jaques, much afflicted with this humour of melancholy, but of a nature proper only to himself. Quoth he, [c] I have neither the scholar's melancholy, which is emulation, nor the musician's, which is fantastical, nor the courtier's, which is proud , nor the soldier's, which is ambitious , nor the lawyer's, which is politic , nor the lady's which is nice , nor the lover's which is all these . but it is a melancholy of mine own, compounded of many simples, extracted from many objects, and indeed the sundry contemplation of my travels, which by often rumination wraps me in a most humorous sadness.[5]

THE ARCHBISHOP'S CHARITABLE FOUNDATION

This day at Croydon was dedicated the chapel or oratory of the Hospital of the Holy Trinity, of the foundation of John. Whitgift, Archbishop of Canterbury, which is appointed for the abiding place of such as be maimed, poor, needy or impotent, for a number not exceeding forty, together with a school house for the increase of literature

|^*ih July* A WITCH HANGED

Two days since one Doll Barthram was hanged at St Edmondsbury in Suffolk for her devilish witcheries upon a certain Joan Jordan, servant of Simon Fox of Stradbrook First this Doll sent three toads to plague the woman in bed, and afterwards in the perceiving of many of good account (amongst them Anthony Aldam, gentleman, Will Godbolde, chief constable of Hoxham, Mr. Randall the vicar and others) she sent a spirit that

came about 11 o'clock at night, first scraping on the walls, then knocking, after that shuffling in the rushes, and then (as his usual manner was) he clapped the maid on the cheeks as to awake her, and kissed her three or four times and slavered on her; and lying on her breast he pressed her so sore that she could not stir nor speak The shape which they saw the spirit then to have was a thick dark substance about a foot high, like to a sugar loaf, white on top This spirit had also a voice, for it spake divers times, saying * Joan, Joan, I come for thy life *; and that has